

Saint Allie

by Hannah Lail

No. You're right. I mean,
you're right—*kind of*.
It's big this thing and kind of unclear
like that tattoo you got of a baseball glove
cause you always cry at Catcher in the Rye
and you blacked out so you don't remember getting it
but you never thought—sightly as it is—to say goodbye
so you laughed and said you can't be a phony you
gotta commit.
Well your gaffe is engraved on your skin but mine's
on my mind
and that's exactly where I'll leave it lay because I'd never
share it not with a rock or dog or friend to remind
me of how brave I was to overcome such a great endeavor.
So you're right I should commit but I don't think getting
a bad tattoo
is the same as seeing your broken brother had
followed through.